

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



BURIED HOPES.

“WAIT A YEAR.”

CHAPTER XL.

WARREN SINCLAIR was out wandering over the hills when his brother arrived, late in the afternoon of a bright summer's day. His absence enabled Cecil to collect the information he required. Two important closetings had already taken place when he went to meet Warren. After a long conversation with Mrs. Fraser, in which her natural

volubility, stimulated by the really important events that had recently transpired, found ample room for exercise, he paid a visit of even longer duration to Miss Lestocq, and left her about the time that Warren usually returned from his rambles.

“Why is Miss Moreton so anxious to see you, and what can be the meaning of that strange refrain she chants so mournfully—‘You know he is his brother's heir?’” asked Mrs. Fraser, suspecting from Cecil's manner that he could give an explanation if he chose,

yet sorely at a loss to reconcile Mona's words with any knowledge she herself possessed.

"We ought not to attach importance to the sayings and oddities of the sick, especially of one who must have suffered as much as Miss Moreton has done," was the answer.

Though far from being satisfied, Mrs. Fraser could not get him to say anything more; for when, as much from curiosity as from a desire to gratify the invalid, she proposed that he should see Mona before going in search of Warren, he declined, saying he would do nothing until he had seen his brother, and prevented all further questioning by starting off to meet him.

Before long, from a slight elevation on which he had posted himself, he saw a figure, not difficult to recognise, slowly and wearily plodding along the road that must, he thought, lead through the village, and bent his steps in that direction.

As soon as Cecil and Warren were within sight of each other, a complete change was apparent in the deportment of the younger brother. The slow, listless pace became quick and decisive, the almost slouching gait firm and elastic. He was an altered man—still more so when, about an hour later, the brothers returned together. What passed in that fraternal interview no one ever knew exactly. How much Cecil confided, or how much he suppressed, was never revealed to a third party. Whatever might be suspected, nothing was known, except the results, and they were patent.

We will now turn to Mona. Taciturnity not being the special virtue of Madame Sicard, she no sooner heard of the arrival of Captain Orde than she imparted the news to her patient, believing, perhaps, that the gratification of a desire so vehemently expressed might be beneficial. The first effect of this intelligence was to produce a fever of impatience. But quite as much as Mona's nurses were anxious for a meeting between the two, Captain Orde was obstinate in declining it.

"Let her wait until to-morrow," was the only reply that could be drawn from him; and till the morrow Mona was enjoined patience and quiet.

The morning came. As soon as the invalid was fairly awake she importuned to be dressed. As nothing belonging to her had been saved out of the general destruction, her toilet consisted chiefly in arranging her hair and slipping on her dressing-gown, with the addition of clean cuffs and a collar, supplied by Mrs. Fraser, whose servants had been able to fill her boxes before throwing them out of the window.

Propped up with pillows, arranged so as to render the rough couch as easy as was practicable, Mona awaited her visitor, now dreading the interview as much as she had at one time desired it, and wondering at herself for having so persistently asked to see him. After all, what had she to say? She could only recall to his mind what she had learned from the mirror on that one particular day, and to what purpose? What would he think of her? That which appeared so easy and right in the partial delirium of sickness had become hard, if not impossible. Her judgment now prevailing over the febrile excitement of the last few days, she saw herself involved in difficulties from which she would gladly escape if she knew how. But it was too late to draw back.

The preparations for the reception of Captain Orde

were made, and Madame Sicard had left her charge to enjoy a short period of repose after the fatigue of getting up, before introducing him.

The room did not possess the luxury of a bell. Mona was too weak to move about, and no one was likely to come near her. There being no way of making known her altered state of mind, she had not the chance of exposing herself to ridicule or rebuke by changing her intention at the last moment. Not the less, however, did she regret that the oft-expressed desire was to be gratified, and she sincerely wished Captain Orde would again decline visiting her. She wished to speak faithfully to him, yet shrunk from what might seem to be prompted by another motive.

At the end of half an hour Madame Sicard entered her room, laughing and talking with some one behind her, upon whom she closed the door and retired. To Mona it was a painful moment. Confused, disturbed, ashamed, she pressed her cheek against the cushions of the couch, unable to encounter the searching eyes or covert railery of one who usually saw clearest the weakest points of character, and knew exactly how best to expose them. Great was her astonishment when words of a totally different nature fell upon her ear.

"Mona, dear Mona!" said Warren Sinclair, standing beside the prostrate girl, and gently removing the hand raised to screen her face, "don't think that I would thus address you if it were any discredit to you to listen or dishonour to me to speak," he continued, reading alarm as well as surprise on her countenance. "Cecil has engaged himself to Miss Lestocq, and I am free to ask you to share a life, which you may assuredly render happy, and perhaps more useful than it would otherwise have been."

Mona did not answer in words. In the excess of her wonderment and emotion she found none to utter, yet Mr. Sinclair was satisfied.

No happier persons could be found in the whole canton than the two who now for the first time spoke unreservedly together; no hour in their whole lives was sweeter than this, when heart responded to heart, and they both acknowledged that God had given them the best gift to be enjoyed on earth—a deep mutual love, added to a desire to spend their lives in His service.

The tale is nearly done. Miss Lestocq left that very day, making the first stage of her journey to the despised Thornmeade, where she was to remain until it might please Cecil Orde to claim her.

Warren requested Mona to ask no questions about his brother's engagement to Miss Lestocq, and to dismiss the subject from her mind entirely, although he once alluded to their engagement and probable marriage in an indirect way.

"Our tastes are so simple, Mona," he said, "and so completely in unison, that in our quiet life at Hillesden we should find it difficult to spend the whole of our income. You will not, I am sure, mind sharing it with Cecil and his wife, whose habits are more expensive."

With her characteristic impulsiveness Mrs. Fraser threw the same interest into the preparations made for Mona's wedding that she had evinced for Helen's, but with a more satisfactory result. She had her own way in everything; neither Mona nor Warren interfered with her arrangements, and the ceremony took place at the British Embassy in Paris, whither

they repaired as soon as the young girl was sufficiently strong to undertake the journey.

CHAPTER XLII.

By an unexpected combination of circumstances the first year after Mona's marriage was passed at the Abbey, the Rectory not being ready for her reception. As the alterations were going on part of the walls gave way, and it was consequently judged best to rebuild it entirely. Sir Felix Hampton having about that time some thoughts of going abroad, decided to do so for a twelvemonth, and Mr. Sinclair took the Abbey off his hands for the time, glad of the opportunity to arrange his wife's future home under her own eye.

Edward Moreton went to live with his sister, and, for a short period Mona indulged the hope of his ultimate recovery. His amendment was slow, but she thought it real. Before long, however, a disappointment came, the change in him being too decided to permit her any more to deceive herself. Gradually, though surely, the poison of remorse consumed the little strength obtained by judicious nursing, good nourishment, and the thousand cares of which he was the object. It became evident that no solicitude, no attention, no drug that the whole pharmacopœia contained, could do more than prolong for a few short months, perhaps only weeks, the life which, not long ago, was full of promise. He faded from day to day, literally dying of a broken heart. His folly and his shame, his ruined hopes, his wasted existence, were always before him, undermining the little vigour he might otherwise have acquired. The contrast between himself and his sister—what he was and what he might have been—between a character loved and honoured as hers, and one degraded and justly condemned like his own—never left him.

It made his heart heavy by day, and soaked his pillow with bitter tears by night. His eyes became more sunken, his cheeks more hollow. In Mona's presence he was able to command himself, but in the hours of darkness, when he could not sleep, the past returned as a relentless avenger. The weakness, the folly, the sin that had destroyed his youth were ever present to his mind, and yet some consolation was mingled with his sorrow. Over his last days fell a certain peace. He was thankful that he had been spared until now, that he had not perished in the act of committing the one offence for which there is no room for repentance. But there were no more yearnings after earthly happiness, no aspirations after anything better here below. He had nothing to hope, nothing to wish for, except pardon from those whom he had grieved by his misconduct.

"Forgive me," was the request made to every member of his family; "forgive the grief and the pain I have caused you, and remember me with kindness when I am gone," he would say, with pathetic humility, his blue eyes filled with tears.

Calmly and repentant he passed away in the spring-time, when the primroses and violets came into blossom, and they laid him beside his father in the village churchyard. His heart was broken, his spirit too crushed to struggle against the tide of poignant recollections. Could he have lived his life over again he thought it would have been a better and happier one, but that might not be. There is but one youth, one spring, one seed-time, and one harvest for all. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

When Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair went to their own

home it was completely changed in appearance from what it had been, which may account for Mona's mother having forgotten her long-cherished grievance, or perhaps the offence was obliterated by her having become the mistress of Pomona Hall when the first year of her widowhood expired. Be it as it may, Mrs. Graves never again bewailed having been turned out of the Rectory.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Those who have followed the fortunes of Helen Lestocq thus far, may like to know how it fared with her in the end. The dreaded return to Thornmeade did not take place. The prospect of its homely life, involving a daily monotonous routine among uncongenial companions, was too dreary for her even to contemplate with patience. It would be far worse than Hillesden, which, with advantages that Thornmeade could never boast, she had deemed insupportable. How unkind as well as foolish it was for Cecil to recommend it! The more she reflected, the less possible it appeared for her to settle down, even for a short time, with her grandfather and farmer uncle. But would it be for a short time? And if not—

Captain Orde was about to resume his interrupted wanderings, and had suffered her to depart without proposing any definite period for their marriage.

"Under their peculiar circumstances they must wait," he said. "When Warren was established in his home, and certain memories had faded into distance, their union would be more suitable than it could be now."

In the first relief from a great embarrassment, when the events connected with the fire so palpably revealed her true position with regard to Warren Sinclair, Helen acquiesced, partly influenced by the stirring of the only tender sentiment she had ever known. Afterwards, during the solitary journey to Geneva, a few hours of quiet reflection made more apparent the possible difficulties in which she might be involved. What if Captain Orde changed his mind! He never laid claim to constancy of purpose, and might not, on consideration, have the courage to encounter the life of self-denial which their very limited income but too surely threatened. Without breaking his engagement, he might prolong it indefinitely. Once settled at Thornmeade, which of all her gay acquaintance would care to remember her?—would she not slip out of that brilliant society in which she delighted, and be lost sight of as completely as a pebble dropped into the sea? No, a hundred times, no. Let Cecil insist or reproach as much as he pleased, she would not take up her abode at Thornmeade.

If Captain Orde's engagement was a puzzle to Helen, how can we hope to explain it to the reader? With the decided conviction he had formed of her heartless character, was he yet fascinated against his better judgment? Did love and pity for his brother form an element in his act of apparent self-sacrifice? or did he think that he ran little risk in an engagement with one so fickle and changeable? Whatever his thoughts may have been, the event proved that he had little to fear from her seeking to hold him to his engagement.

She had determined not to take up her abode at Thornmeade. Negatives, however, form but a part of our existence; there is also the positive side, and with that Helen had next to deal. If

she would not live at Thornmeade, where then? She could not remember the time when the want of money had not weighed heavily upon her happiness, and matters were worse now that the pension of her mother had ceased. And it might have been otherwise; riches were within her grasp, and she had cast them into the lap of another! Without loving Warren, her soul was bitter against Mona; she could not forgive the girl who had supplanted her. It was also an aggravation to her present desolate condition that a country maiden, whom she had alternately despised and patronised, should be exalted above her. Mona Moreton's life promised to be a happy one, not only on account of the peaceful character suited to her tastes, which Helen could have pardoned, but with wealth superadded, while hers would probably either be tempest-tossed with ungratified ambition, or passed in a dull monotony even more repelling. Before Helen could arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, the train steamed into the station, when it was necessary to snatch herself from the serious question where she should pass her life to one not less important for the moment—where she should spend the night. A long line of omnibuses in front offered an abundant choice of hotels, of which, however, she did not avail herself. Entering the first at hand, she caused her luggage to be put upon it, and was driven to the Hotel des Bergues, reaching it just as a carriage with a pair of wearied horses drove up.

"Miss Lestocq! What a fortunate chance!"

The speaker was Mrs. Buxton, who had been "doing" Switzerland with her son, and who had just returned from Chamouni, their last excursion before going home. The pleasure expressed was mutual, for Helen was too quick-witted not to perceive some of the advantages to be derived from the renewal of their acquaintance. It was only superficial, formed in the crowded rooms of a fashionable season place, and exactly suited Helen on the present occasion. Without fear of having them challenged she could make her own representations of what had passed since they parted. One thing was patent. She had lately lost her mother, and with her the greater part of her income, an addition to her trouble which Helen did not try to conceal. Her sable dress, white cheeks, and care-lined brow touched with a pathetic interest the motherly heart of Mrs. Buxton, who had seen her last in the undimmed splendour of her imperial beauty, receiving with supercilious indifference, real or affected, the homage her personal attractions habitually procured her. A few hours' further observation made the change in her yet more apparent. If a smile, or the ghost of one, flitted over her lips, the mouth never lost a certain hardness as of one prepared for a struggle. Sympathising with her loss, and commiserating her present isolated condition, Mrs. Buxton, with good-natured assiduity, set herself to comfort her. It was sad to be so young, so fair, and so forlorn. Without much difficulty, she prevailed upon Helen to remain with her during the six weeks they spent in Paris, and had the satisfaction of seeing now and then a return of her former vivacity.

But the day of separation came. Mrs. Buxton went home, when Helen, declining to accompany her, placed herself in a French pension, half prepared, if needful, to adopt a bolder resolution than any she had till now meditated.

Holding counsel with herself, she examined her purse and her resources. Both were limited. The last remittance from her grandfather had been chiefly devoted to the purchase of the trousseau, now likely to be useless unless—The alternative Helen seriously debated within her own mind. Captain Orde had not written since she left Switzerland. His habitual carelessness was not, in her eyes, a sufficient cause for his silence. She first chafed and fretted, and then grew angry, her high spirit ill brooking to be treated with negligence. But she must either bear it or right herself. One phase of her pride was up in arms, another was about to bury itself in the dust, but in either case mortification must be the fruit of so bitter a root. An opportunity had already occurred for her to free herself from her embarrassment. Before Mrs. Buxton left Paris, Helen had attracted the attention of a wealthy and eccentric Englishman, who was seeking a wife to place at the head of his establishment. Style and fashion were indispensable. These were pre-eminent in Helen, and for them he was willing to pay the price the lady practically demanded—the indulgence of caprices numerous enough to destroy the patience of any sensible man.

But Mr. Byers was not sensible, nor refined. He was a *nouveau-riche*, had made a large fortune in trade, and desired to dazzle his less fortunate neighbours. Helen Lestocq suited him, at least he thought so, and though often rebuffed with undisguised disdain, he determined to persevere, encouraging his pretensions with the vulgar adage, "He who knows how to lime the twig will secure the bird at last."

It was Christmas Eve and a stormy one. The driving rain beat loudly against the Abbey window, near which Mona stood looking out into complete darkness, except where the waving branches threw even a deeper shade as every sudden gust of wind tossed them to and fro with a mournful sound. Dinner was waiting, and Warren had not yet come home. Quitting the bright hearth for the fifth or sixth time to look out, Mona had again put back the curtain to see if the weather had improved. While so engaged the closing of the front door, followed by the noise of departing wheels, caught her ear. She hurried into the hall, praising her husband for his thoughtfulness in taking a fly; his health, never having become robust, frequently caused her some little anxiety.

"I hoped you would do so, but the storm came on so suddenly I was afraid. Did you get wet, dear?" she asked, with solicitude, laying her hand on a masculine sleeve.

"No, not at all, but I never answered to that name before," said a voice that was not Warren's, and the laughing face of Cecil Orde was quickly turned towards her.

"Captain Orde!" exclaimed Mona, drawing back in surprise.

"The very same. Did I not promise to be here for the burning of the yule log at Christmas time? Am I unwelcome?"

"What will you give me for my news?" asked Cecil, some minutes later, when, divested of his wraps, he stood warming his hands over the fire. "It is good, reliable information, fresh from the scene of action. Ah, you will not bid. Then here it is, gratis. Helen Lestocq was married yesterday at the British Embassy in Paris."

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"To whom?" asked Warren, eagerly, having entered as Cecil gave utterance to the last sentence.

"To whom? To no one in particular," replied Cecil, demurely. "She has married £6,000 a year and a handsome apartment in the Champs-Élysées."

For all answer Warren silently grasped his brother's hand, and then followed him and Mona into the dining-room.

"*Passe l'Amour, reste la Cassette*," ejaculated Cecil, gaily.

If Captain Orde's peace of mind was really disturbed by the unexpected news of which he had been the bearer, he did not suffer it to overcloud the brightness of that Christmas Eve.

THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL.

WHEN the Prince of Wales was in India, one of the great incidents was the ceremony of the investiture of the Star of India. Among the native personages honoured with the imperial dignity was her Highness the Begum of Bhopal.

The appearance of this lady in person at Calcutta caused no little sensation in India. Of course she was veiled, and no one saw her face. This added all the more to the excitement and mystery. She was known to be young, and rumour said she was beautiful. The papers gave marvellous descriptions of her splendid robes, adorned with diamonds and jewels of fabulous value. Although veiled, she no doubt could see the Prince, and all the personages and proceedings about which she had natural feminine curiosity.

This ceremony passed, like other nine-days' wonders, and the Begum returned to comparative retirement.

It so happened that Miss Carpenter, loved and honoured for her beneficent labours in behalf of the women of India, was at Benares when her Highness the Begum was on her way home from Calcutta. She was the guest for a few days of a lady there, who asked her if she would like to pay a visit to the Begum. She gladly availed herself of the opportunity, writes the lady,* as she wished her Highness to become a vice-president of the National Indian Association, and would be glad to go with me so that she might have my services as interpreter.

An appointment was made for eleven o'clock, but when we arrived we found that her Highness had gone out to see the city and bathing ghâts. How she managed to see much, riding as she did in a closely covered palanquin, I do not know. We left word with her head servant that we would call again in the afternoon. We did so, and were told that her Highness was expecting us. We were kept waiting only a short time, at which I was agreeably surprised, for, as a rule, natives are very much wanting in politeness in that respect, and seem not to consider that time is of the slightest value to any one.

When at last we were ushered into the great lady's presence, I could hardly command my countenance sufficiently to enable me to pay my respects with proper solemnity, so much amused was I with Miss Carpenter's look of amazement and dismay. I am

tolerably well accustomed to see Indian Ranis and princesses "at home," therefore I was not much surprised at the *tout ensemble* which this lady presented, but Miss Carpenter had never visited any native lady who was not decked out to receive her as an honoured guest. This lady evidently felt that she was conferring an honour, and had not thought it necessary to *dress up* for us.

Let me describe her appearance. She is very short and stout. This is common to many native ladies. I do not think that in all my intercourse with native women I have met with half a dozen who were above five feet high, while by far the greater number, especially of the higher classes, are very short. This, as well as the tendency to obesity so prevalent among them, doubtless is due in great part to the secluded and inactive lives they lead. She had small, bright, piercing black eyes, and a rather dark muddy complexion. Her teeth were very black, and we noticed what seemed to be a large swelling on the cheek, which during our visit moved occasionally from one side to the other. It must have been some preparation of tobacco and other things, possibly opium, which is largely used by the Mohammedans, male and female. This greatly disfigured her face, which however was not ill-natured looking.

Her dress was composed of a pair of pink calico trousers, made exactly like those worn by the lower class of Mohammedan women, tight at the ankles and widening up to the waist, a loose white calico jacket reaching only to the waist, with long tight sleeves, a piece of coarse white muslin, unhemmed, thrown over her head, and a flannel shawl of blue and green plaid, folded straight in half and fastened with a common pin, round her neck and over the ends of the bit of muslin which did duty for a veil, making it look as if it were intended for a nightcap. She had no jewels on except a few bangles on her wrists.

No wonder that Miss Carpenter exclaimed to me in an undertone, "Is *this* the Begum?"

A very fine-looking man, magnificently dressed in green satin and gold, was in the room. The Begum explained to me that he was her husband, but beyond the first formal courtesies, he did not enter into conversation with us, nor did he even sit near us.

We chatted for a little while about Calcutta and the visit of the Prince, about the state of female education in her territory, which she admitted was very low indeed, about the railway journey from Calcutta, about Benares, etc., and then she made a signal to a man who had stood at the other end of the room all the time, when he brought to her a little bottle of English perfume. She took it and rose. The same man immediately brought two little trays on which were several small square paper packets containing spices, betel-nuts, etc., which he ~~first~~ offered to us with a low bow, and then laid at our feet.

I had risen with the princess, and said to Miss Carpenter, "This is the signal that our visit is over."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I have not yet mentioned the Association; please do so." The Begum told the man to take the trays out to our carriage, and held the scent bottle out to drop some on our handkerchiefs. I had a clean unfolded one ready, but Miss Carpenter was not so prepared. I told her to offer the one she was using, though natives do not like that so well. I was glad it was not that was presented, as that has a very sickly, unpleasant odour, which clings to one's clothes for days. Most

* The "Leisure Hour" being much read in India, we withhold the name of the lady, as the fact of her publishing her "interview" with the Begum might interfere with her reception into other native homes.

natives who are in the habit of receiving English visitors now use English scents for the purpose of offering to them when they leave.

While this ceremony was going on I told the Begum in as few words as possible about the Association, its President, and its objects, and that Miss Carpenter wished to have her name on the list of Vice-Presidents. She seemed pleased at the request, but referred us for an answer to Colonel Osborn, the Political Agent at Bhopal, who was then staying at a hotel in Benares. Thanking her, and expressing our pleasure at having been permitted to pay her a visit, with a cordial shake of the hand from her, and a low *salaam* from her husband, we retired.

THE L'ESTRANGE ANECDOTES.

SIR NICHOLAS L'ESTRANGE, first Baronet of Hunstanton, in the county of Norfolk, who lived the uneventful life of a country gentleman, at his death, which occurred two hundred and twenty years ago, left behind him a MS. volume of anecdotes, which he had carefully compiled from the contributions of relatives and friends. Of his family we know much more than we do of him. His father was a brave knight—as indeed were all his ancestors—his younger brothers wielded the pen with considerable ability. Sir Roger L'Estrange, more especially, distinguished himself as an essayist and pamphleteer.

Sir Nicholas, with whom we have to do, was either too modest or too wise a man to venture into print, and it was not until after a lapse of two centuries that his "Merry Passages and Jests" were made public, and then only to the learned few who constituted the "Camden Society." The value of the anecdotes is not to be estimated by their intrinsic worth, for many of them are of the most trifling description, but rather by the light which some of them throw upon contemporary history and customs.

It was, doubtless, our author's younger brother, of whom mention has already been made, who launched the severe witticism against Sir Thomas Richardson, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of James I, a man who had acquired the unenviable reputation of being a judge of profound learning, but not habitually observant of truth. "When Charles Richardson," says our author, "was dead (younger son of the Lord Chief Justice, then living), some were questioning where the body should be interred: 'Why,' says one, 'where should he be buried but where his father *lies* at Westminster?'" Of the same Sir Thomas Richardson our author gives us the following.

NO UPRIGHT JUDGE.

Judge Richardson, going Western Circuit, had a great flint stone thrown at his head by a malefactor then condemned (who thought it meritorious and the way to be a benefactor to the Commonwealth to take away the life of a man so odious), but leaning low of his elbow in a lazy reckless manner, the bullet flew too high and only took off his hat. Some after, some friends congratulating his *elivance*, he replied by way of Jest (as his fashion was to make jest of everything), "You see now if I had been an upright Judge (intimating his reclining posture) I had been slain."

There can be little doubt as to the opinion entertained by our author of the Chief Justice, whose ability as a lawyer was acknowledged, but whose

integrity as a judge seems open to some doubt. Sir Thomas Richardson was Speaker of the House of Commons in the last Parliament of James I, and was born at Mullbarton, in Norfolk, a county which the old historian Fuller has quaintly described as having a great reputation for litigiousness. Indeed it used to be said of it that "Men there study law at the plough-tail."

The following trifle, which doubtless found its way into the collection from our author's desire to preserve such evidences of wit in the members of his family or their friends as came under his notice, is really of more value than might at first sight appear, from the light it throws upon an obsolete custom.

SIR DRUE DRURY'S PENMANSHIP.

Sir Drue Drury, being an ill scribe, having writt a thing very ill, Sir Robert Bell check't him thus: "Fie, Drue; pry-the, write so that a man may be saved by the reading on't, however."

This pleasantry reminds us of the evil custom, belonging to evil days, when the learned few claimed and enjoyed the "benefit of clergy." In other words, they escaped the punishment due to their offences by proving their learning in being able to read from a psalter. If the condemned was a layman and could read, he was burned on the hand and set free.

The following anecdotes relate to long sermons, which were among the customs of that time:—

A LONG SERMON.

There was one preach't in summer, and stood two houres; and one say'd at dinner that 'twas a very good sermon, but half on't would have done well cold.

A Minister having preached a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after, ask't a gentleman his approbation of it. He replied that "Twas very good, but that it had spoyled a goose worth two of it."

"Asking approbation" is delicate work. It reminds us of the answer of an eminent divine under similar circumstances: "The finest passage, sir, was from the pulpit to the vestry."

Mr. Thoms, who so ably edited L'Estrange's ms., tells, in a note to one of the anecdotes, a story of a sermon preached on a special occasion, which fitly illustrates the low ebb to which both pulpit and pew had fallen to tolerate such unseemly jests. An evil woman, who died during the reign of Charles II, left by her will ten pounds for any clergyman who would preach her funeral sermon and say nothing but what was well of her. A clergyman was found who undertook to carry out the conditions of the will. He preached his sermon, and then concluded with the following remark: "By the will of the deceased it is expected that I mention her and say nothing but what is *well* of her. She was born *well*; she lived *well*; and she died *well*; for she was born with the name of Cresswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."

Of Dr. Dod, "the Decalogist," we hear:—

DOD ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

One Dod, who was a nephew to the minister who wrote upon the Commandments, on arriving as a stranger in London, went up and down Paule's Churchyard, amongst the stationers, enquiring for "his uncle upon the Commandments."

This only anticipated the modern story, recorded as a fact, of a man inquiring at the post-office for a letter from his father in the country. In his time

Dr. Dod enjoyed the reputation of being an eminent divine, and Granger, the historian, records of him, in 1779, that his "Sayings" had been printed in various forms, and were in such favour amongst rich and poor, that many—on two sheets of paper—were then to be seen pasted on the walls of cottages. An old woman told Granger that she should have gone distracted for the loss of her husband if she had been without Mr. Dod's "Sayings" in the house.

The "Paston Letters" have made us familiar with the family which gave its name to the interesting correspondence, of which specimens were given in a former number of this journal.* It may not be generally known, however, that the family was distinguished for other things besides the talent displayed by its earlier members for letter-writing.

FOOLISH JACK PASTON.

Jack Paston began one time to jeast upon Capon (who sat very silent) and reply'd nothing, and told him merrily he never met with such a dull, clay-pated Foole, that could not answer a word, and bade him remember he out-fool'd him once. "Not so," says Capon, "I were a very Foole indeede, to deak with you at that weapon: I know the straine of the Pastons too well, and you must needs be right-bredd for't, for I am sure your Race has not bene witho't a good Foole these fifty yeares and upward."

A CONCENTRATION OF TALENT.

Sir Robert Bell, being in company with Sir J. Hobart, Sir Charles Grosse, etc., in a merry humour would goe make his will, and give every man a legacie; but when he came to Mr. Paston, says he, "I know not what to bestow on the: my witt I shall not neede, for thou must needs be well stor'd with that, because thou hast the witt of at least three generations," for his great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were all fooloes.

Such unfeeling jests illustrate the rude character of the wit of our forefathers, in days when it was considered no breach of etiquette to sharpen the edge of a witticism even by allusions to personal deformity. The affliction to which such pointed allusion is here made seems to have been hereditary in the family, and was a matter of sufficient notoriety to find its way into Bloomfield's "History of Norfolk." It is there recorded that at an inquisition taken at Norwich Castle on the 3rd day of September, in the ninth year of James I, the jurors found Sir Christopher Paston, who appeared before them personally, to be *Fatuus et idiota*, "a fool and idiot," and that he had been so for a period of twenty-four years.

The following anecdote throws considerable light upon the real character of the unfortunate Lord Bacon, one of whose many failings seems to have been the confidence which he reposed in persons totally unworthy of it. That a man of his intellect could regard any kind of knavery with leniency seems to indicate a weakness in the moral nature, for which no genius, however commanding, can atone.

LORD BACON.

The Lord Verulam used to say, that he loved to have his throate cut with a razor, and not with a saw; intimating the smooth and keene oyle knaverie of some, and the ragged, rough, and rude knaverie of others.

Whilst upon this subject, it may not be out of place to quote an anecdote recorded by our author of a man whose name has come down to us as the faithful friend of Lord Verulam, in all his distresses and in spite of every disgrace.

HEARING VERSUS UNDERSTANDING.

Sir Julius Caesar, Master of the Rolls, was reputed none of the

* "Leisure Hour" for October, 1873.

deepest men, and had many slye jerks passed upon him; amongst others, he was once hearing of a cause somewhat too intricate for his capacitee, and his judgment beganne to incline the wrong way. The Court at that time being very loude and clamorous, one of counsell to the adverse part steppe up and calls out, "Silence there, my masters: yee keepe such a bawling, the Master of the Rolls cannot understand a word that's spoken."

The benevolence of Sir Julius Caesar was of a most princely character, and charity in his case may be truly said to have covered a multitude of shortcomings, so far as his legal acumen was concerned. It is on record that a gentleman, who borrowed his coach, was so besieged by an army of importunate beggars, who recognised the equipage of their benefactor, that it cost him more to satisfy their demands than if he had hired twenty coaches in the ordinary way. We have said that he was the intimate friend of Lord Bacon, who wrote some of his most famous works under the shelter of his roof; and if devotion to a fallen friend could merit the noble title of friendship, truly Sir Julius proved himself worthy of the distinction he enjoyed. When ruined in mind, body, and estate, the great philosopher found himself destitute, it was to the liberality of his friend's benevolence that he owed all the comforts he enjoyed; and when, finally, he sank into a premature grave, it was in the arms of this benevolent man that he sighed out his spirit.

The personality of some of the witticisms must have given them at the time a considerable degree of notoriety. In the following we have a specimen of the more harmless of these dangerous weapons.

A MAN OF METAL.

Sir Richard Bingham was a man eminent both for spirit and martial knowledge, but of a very small stature; and, understanding that a proper bigg-bon'd gentleman had traduc'd his little person or corpusculum, with the ignominious tearme of Dande-pratt: "Tell him from mee," says he, "that, when it comes to the tutch, he shall find there is as good silver in a Dande-pratt (which is a very small kind of coine) as in a broad-fact groate."

The Dandy-Prats were small coins stamped in the reign of Henry VII, and the "broad-fact groats" were coins bearing the full visage of bluff King Hal, and were coined originally for fourpence, but were afterwards of the value of eightpence.

In the story which follows, we have a very capital illustration of the character of King James I, whose use of intemperate and profane language, whenever he lost his temper, is matter of history.

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY REPROOF.

King James, being hunting in the North, was forc't out of the field by a tempest, and a church being the nearest building, there he takes sanctuarie, and thrusts into an obscure and low seate, being very meanly habited and attended. The minister had newly stept into the pulpitt, and spyed some beames of his Majestie through all those clouds, but took no farther notice on't. He falls to his worke, dichotomizeth his text, and proceeds a little way very logically with the parts; at last he suddenly digresses cleane from the point, and falls into a bitter declamation against swearing, and runs out all his sand upon that subject. The Sermon ended, the King sends for him to dinner, and when they were merry, "Parson," says he, "why didn't thou flee so from thy text?" "If it please your Majestie," says he, "when you tooke the paines to come so far out of your way to heare me, I thought it very good manners for me to steppe a little out of my text to meeete with your Majestie." "By my saul, mon," sayes the King, "and thou hast mette with me so as never mon did."

The reproof here recorded was as fearless as it was well-timed, and contrasts favourably with the flattery of the king's courtiers, who gave him the title of Solomon, in allusion to his, supposed, supernatural wisdom. Whether the following narrative can be considered as strengthening the king's title to such a dignity, we must leave the reader to judge: "He took it in his head one day to go and hear causes in Westminster Hall, in order to show his great learning and wisdom. Accordingly, being seated on the bench, a cause came on, which the counsel learned in the law set forth to such advantage, on the part of the plaintiff, that the sagacity of the royal judge soon saw the justice of it so clearly, that he frequently cried out, 'I'se ken the matter unco well! The gude mon is i' the reeght!—the gude mon is i' the reeght! He mun ha' it!—he mun ha' it.' The plaintiff's counsel having ended, his Majesty was for determining the cause immediately, and was much offended, after so plain a state of the matter, that the judges of the court should desire him to hear both parties before they passed judgment. At length, curiosity to know what could be said in such a case, rather than any respect to the rules of the court, made him defer his decision; but the defendant's counsel had scarce begun to open their cause when his sacred Majesty appeared greatly discomposed, and was so puzzled as they proceeded, that he had no patience to hear them out, but starting up in a passion, cried, 'I'se hear na mair; ye're all knaves aleekie! Ye gi' each other the lee, and neither's i' the right.'"

There is a good story told of that shrewd woman, Queen Elizabeth, which is well worth repeating.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S KINDRED.

One begg'd of Queene Elizabeth, and pretended kindred and alliance, but there was no such relation. "Friend," says she, "grant it be so, do'st thinke I am bound to keepe all my kindred? Why that's the way to make me a beggar."

His Majesty was exceedingly jealous of the dignity attaching to her position, and although she undoubtedly had numerous maternal relatives occupying a very inferior station in life (which fact gives point to the above anecdote), it does not appear that she ever made any effort to relieve or advance them.

The following was evidently written during the troubled times preceding the revolution, and explains itself.

A PRAYER AMENDED.

At the close of something read by a ballett-monger in the streets, he cried, "God save the King and Parliament," says a merry fellow that went by, "God save the King, the Parliament will looke well enough to save themselves."

We conclude our extracts from this interesting volume with one that may seem almost incredible in the present day, from the barbarous nature of the punishment which was then common enough.

A CUT-PURSE CUT.

A gentleman at a play sat by a fellow that he strongly suspected for a cut-purse, and for the probation of him, took occasion to draw out his purse and put it up so carelessly, as it dangled downe (but his eye watch't it strictly with a glance), and he bent his discourse another way; which his suspected neighbour observing, upon his first faire opportunitie, exercised his craft, and having gott his booty beganne to remove away, which the gentleman noting, instantly drawes his knife, and whippes off one of his eares, and vow'd he would have something for his mony. The Cut-purse beganne to sweare and stampe and threaten. "Nay, go to, sirrah," says the other; "be

quiete; I'll offer you faire; give me my purse againe, here's your e're; take it, and be gone."

This may appear a very severe retribution for such an offence, but the cut-purses of those days were very desperate characters, and generally united with that branch of their profession others of a more sanguinary character. A certain Mary Frith, or "Moll Cut-purse," who flourished in the reign of King Charles I, distinguished herself by robbing General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, and by the commission of almost every crime in the calendar. She amassed a considerable fortune, and died in the seventy-fifth year of her age, "but would probably have died sooner," says one chronicler, "if she had not smoked tobacco, in the frequent use of which she long indulged herself." She left by will a sum of £20 for the conduits to run with wine when King Charles II returned.

One other "merry passage" and we have done.

GOOD ADVICE.

A grave gentleman in this kingdome us'd this phrase often: "Do nothing rashly but catching of fleas."

With this we close the interesting old volume which contains so many curious references to persons and customs not usually met with on the highways of history.

The anecdotes belong to a period which seems all the more remote because of the progress we have made as a nation since they were collected. We may venture to express a belief that one of the most powerful factors in this progress has been the diffusion of that message of "Good Will" which is the highest code of all morality. May we ever keep that standard in view, and so shall our morals become purer, our laws wiser, our words kinder, and our deeds braver, for

"Righteousness exalteth a nation."

DON EMILIO CASTELAR.

THE history of Spain in our own time is a drama of the most thrilling interest, and among the actors in this play, Señor Castelar—or Don Emilio Castelar y Ripoll, to give his patronymic in full—occupies one of the most prominent places. His name is a household word in his native land, and far beyond her borders it is known as embodying almost all the best and noblest, and scarcely any of the less favourable, traits of the Spanish national character. As an orator, Emilio Castelar stands unrivalled; as an author he is distinguished; his acts as a politician and a statesman may be disapproved by many, but in every sphere we recognise in him that true patriotism which places the interest of his country, and of humanity at large, far above every other consideration.

Cadiz is the place where Emilio Castelar was born on September 8, 1832, in the last year of the reign of Ferdinand VII, one of the worst specimens of the Bourbon dynasty. As early as 1834, Queen Maria Christina, who ruled over Spain during the minority of her daughter Isabella, endowed the kingdom with a sort of constitution called the Estatuto Real, and in 1837 she was forced to restore the Cadiz Constitution of 1812; but it was not until the Revolution of Vicalvaro, in 1854, that parliamentary rule became acclimatised in Spain,

and this was the time when young Castelar, having completed his studies in the Normal School and University of Madrid, first entered the arena of politics, in which he soon made his mark. In 1857 he became a Professor of History in Madrid University. After having for some years contributed to various democratic papers, and defended some of them against which criminal informations had been preferred, he founded, in conjunction with a friend, a weekly journal of his own in 1864.

This periodical soon attracted public attention by

cheap generosity to give up a mere shadow of a right for the substantial consideration of several millions.

This article created an immense sensation throughout the country, and Señor Gonzales Bravo, the home secretary, at once resorted to the severest measures against the writer. He called upon Señor Montalvan, the rector of the university, to have him tried by the Senate, and expelled from his chair. The trial took place; the governing body of the university declared that no offence had been com-



SEÑOR CASTELAR.

its historical articles, in which all the Spanish kings, from the time of Philip II downwards, with the exception of Charles III, were held up to the hatred and contempt of the present generation. But it was not long before it began to take a more active share in the politics of the day. At the commencement of the year 1865, when the Spanish exchequer was at a very low ebb, Queen Isabella offered to abandon the property of the crown called "Patrimonio real," and in exchange take the fourth part of its value in cash. The Government party praised this act up to the skies, and declared that there was no parallel in history of such royal abnegation and munificence, but Señor Castelar, in his paper, published an article entitled "El Rasgo" (the generous sacrifice), in which he endeavoured to prove that the Queen had in reality no legal title in the crown lands, and that it was

mitted; and the rector refused to dismiss Castelar. Thereupon the Government superseded Señor Montalvan, but his successor, the Marquis of Zafra, was received with groans and catcalls by all the students, and Señor Castelar became from that hour a hero and a martyr in the eyes of the Spanish public. He went on writing for the most advanced opposition press, and was recognised as a leader of the Republican party. The 22nd of June, 1866, came, when a military riot broke out in Madrid, which had for its object to drive Marshal O'Donnell, the then premier, from power. The insurrection failed, the constitutional guarantees were at once suspended, and Señor Castelar, along with a number of other leading democrats—Sagasta, Bercera, Ruiz Zorrilla—were sentenced to that infamous death penalty called the *garrote vil*.

Señor Castelar would undoubtedly have fallen into the hands of his enemies, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law, had not an asylum been provided for him and several of his companions in the house of Mr. Perrey, the United States Consul, who was married to a noble Spanish lady. For some time they remained there, and eventually they all escaped one by one under various disguises. Castelar also made good his flight, and proceeded to France, where he lived for some considerable time in the company of the leading democrats. After this he spent some time in Italy.

About the spring of 1868 he went to stay at Rome, where he had given himself up entirely to the pursuit of literary research, when, one morning, the proprietor of the Minerva Hotel waited upon him to inform him that a warrant of apprehension was out against him, and that he was to be extradited as a revolutionist and fomentor of disorder. It should be remembered that at that time Rome and the Tyrrhenian coast of the ex-Pontifical States were still in the hands of the despotic Papal Government, which, as a matter of course, identified itself with the cause of tyranny throughout Europe. It was half-past nine when Señor Castelar heard the news of his contemplated extradition, and at ten o'clock he was comfortably seated under his wonted disguise in a railway carriage, which carried him off to Naples, where he was under the protection of the tri-coloured Italian flag.

The revolution of September 29th, 1868, known in Spain as the glorious revolution *par excellence*, came, and one morning Queen Isabella found her shaky throne overturned, and herself, together with her major-domo, Marfori, her confessor, Father Claret, and her mystic friend, Sister Patrocinio, on the high road to France. A provisional Government was established under Marshals Prim and Serrano, and Admiral Topete, who had made the revolution, and a new legislature, called "Cortes Constituyentes," was summoned to decide on the future form of government, and give the country a new constitution, the eighth since 1808. Señor Castelar, who had returned to Spain immediately after the outbreak of the September revolution, was returned a member of the Cortes by freedom-loving Saragossa. Don Estanislao Figueras was the recognised head of the large and well-disciplined Republican party in the Cortes Constituyentes, but Don Emilio Castelar was its very soul, and not only the chief orator of his party, but of the entire legislature.

The Republicans, from the very beginning, made a persistent opposition to the monarchical tendencies of the provisional Government and of the majority of the Cortes. They contributed more than their fair share of oratory, ability, and statesmanship to the preparation of the constitution of June 1st, 1869, the most liberal organic law made in Spain since the days of the Cadiz Cortes of 1812, and many of the most beneficial clauses of that constitution are their work; but they staunchly refused to agree to the insertion of the word *rey* in that instrument. They would have no more kings, but only an elected and revocable chief of the Government. However, the new constitution was passed, and, pending the election of a king, Marshal Serrano was appointed irresponsible regent of the kingdom, with Marshal Prim for prime minister. For nearly eighteen months the new crown went begging from one European court to another. From sunny Italy to hyperborean

Scandinavia, and from England in the west to Russia in the east, Prim knocked at the door of every royal palace, but nowhere could he find a candidate for the diadem he offered.

On one occasion, being pressed with inquiries in the Cortes, he fumbled about in his pockets, as though he were going to pull a king out of them, and the Republicans repeatedly proposed that the throne should be put in commission so long as the new Warwick remained at work. In July, 1870, the Marshal appeared to have succeeded, when Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern was said to have declared his willingness to accept the crown; but the mere rumour was sufficient to create new difficulties. The Franco-German War followed.

At last, however, the time came, and the man whom the Conde de Reus had been so anxiously looking for. Rome having been taken by the royal troops of Italy on September 20th, 1870, King Victor Emmanuel no longer refused to assent to a member of his dynasty assuming the sceptre of Charles V, and on November 16th the Cortes were at last called upon to elect a ruler, it being understood that Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, the second son of the King of Italy, would accept the crown if offered. Out of 311 votes cast on that occasion, 191 were for Prim's candidate, 63 for the Republic, and 27 for the Duc de Montpensier. Don Ruiz Zorilla, the President of the Chamber, proceeded to Florence to fetch the new king, but while the vessel that carried him was still on sea, an assassin's ball struck the king-maker to his heart, and on arriving at Madrid, on December 31st, 1870, Amadeo found nothing of Prim but the corpse.

Emilio Castelar was of course one of the sixty-three Republicans who opposed the election of the Duke of Aosta, and in doing so he prophesied that the Savoy throne would be but short-lived. In addressing the Progressist party, who had the principal share in the vote of November 16th, 1870, he thus apostrophised them: "You have determined to astonish Europe by your wisdom; is that the reason why, after putting up for two years with a provisional regency, you now put up with an equally provisional monarch? All you want is to have a king of your own, to represent your self-interest and the domination of your party." Soon after the accession of King Amadeo, the fiery tribune proposed to the Cortes to cancel the vote of November 16th. The proposal was of course thrown out, but still the reign of the Savoy prince was an endless chain of disappointments and heartbreakings to him. A Carlist insurrection began to desolate the North of Spain, and one party after another, and one ministry after another, having tried to administer the country and failed, the King in the end sent for Don Ruiz Zorilla, the most Republican of Royalists.

On February 11th, 1873, a little over two years after his accession, Don Amadeo laid down the crown that had made his head lie so uneasy, and retired to his native Savoy mountains. The Cortes, in accepting his resignation, had at once constituted themselves as a National Assembly, and proclaimed the Republic, with Don Estanislao Figueras for President, Don Juan Pi y Margall for Home Secretary, and Don Emilio Castelar for Minister of Foreign Affairs. Don Emilio, in his circular to the Spanish representatives in foreign courts, sought to controvert and refute the notion that Spain is monarchical to the core, and that the Republican party is in a

microscopic minority there. He promised that what the monarchy had failed in doing the new form of government would succeed in.

The intentions of the new rulers were excellent, but no government has ever met with greater difficulties and had to undergo more arduous labours at the very outset than they did. The Cortes were still in their majority Progressist, and not Republican, and their standing committee raised embarrassments to the ministry at every step. Their own party were hopelessly divided and subdivided. It was understood from the beginning that Spain was to be not a Unitarian Republic, like France, but a Federal Republic, like the United States and Switzerland; but almost every Republican had a different way of interpreting the word "Federal." Without waiting for the decision of the new Cortes Constituyentes that were to meet in the summer, the Republican leaders in several of the provinces of the South—such as Andalusia and Murcia—hastened to proclaim Cantonal institutions, whilst in other parts of the country the Socialists and Intransigentes began to stir.

In the North, Carlism continued to make headway, and the central Government, with a disorganised army and an empty exchequer, was powerless to prevent the raids of the Basques into the adjoining districts of Aragon and Catalonia. But it was at Madrid that the principal difficulty accrued to the Republican rulers. A plot had been laid by the Progressist majority of the standing committee of Cortes to overthrow the ministry and invest Marshal Serrano with the Dictatorship, and on April 23rd this scheme was to have been carried into execution. The ministry, by a skilful strategy, thwarted it, and, having done so, they dissolved both the standing committee and the Cortes themselves, and ordered fresh elections to be held in May. All the monarchical parties thereupon agreed on a system of *restraint*, or passive neutrality, and kept away from the polling booths, so that the new Cortes, instead of being the expression of the natural will, were but the representatives of a party, and lacked from the outset the confidence of the nation.

In the meanwhile the revolution went on in its accustomed Saturnian work of eating up its own children. On June 7th Señor Figueras withdrew from the presidency of the Government, and Señor Pi y Margall succeeded him. Señor Castelar availed himself of the opportunity to resign his post likewise, declaring that he would now devote himself exclusively to his duties as a representative of the people. The "rump-Cortes" proclaimed the Federal Republic *sans phrase*, and anarchy became rife even where there had been a semblance of order before. The atrocities of Alcoy appalled all Europe, and Don Juan Pi, being utterly powerless to cope with the tempest, retired after six weeks' rule. Don Nicolas Salmeron, another of that large crop of doctrinaire professors who had propagated the Republican idea for years, took the helm of the state on July 18th, 1873. He and his party had always opposed the principle of standing armies, but when in power and finding that Spain was fast verging into anarchy and chaos, he was but too glad to keep up the *cadres* and the *quintas*, and readily availed himself of the services of the vigorous General Pavia to repress the insurrections in Alcoy, Seville, Cadiz, and Cordova.

But Señor Salmeron himself had heretofore been

one of the foremost opponents of capital punishment, and a civil war cannot be allayed without martial law and bloodshed. Conscientious scruples forbade his continuing at the head of a government compelled to acts of sanguinary repression for the preservation of society, and thus, on September 8th, 1873, he laid down his mandate, and Don Emilio Castelar was elected President of the Republic by the Cortes over whose deliberations he had already presided since August 26th. Opinions may be divided on the policy of the Republican party during that terrible year 1873, but no two opinions can exist in regard to the statesmanship displayed by Señor Castelar while actually at the head of the Government. His entire past had been a protest against the system usually followed by the monarchical parties of Spain in repressing the frequent risings of their opponents, but he at once declared that the safety and integrity of his Fatherland was dearer to him than his political opinions, and that he was now prepared to fight against demagoguery as he had erst seemed to fight for it—"that demagoguery," he said, "which spreads social terror in the air, and lends its shoulders to autocrats to step into power upon. We are dead against it, and shall fight it with all the vigour of our character and all the energy of our authority. We want to prove that true democracy means not only liberty, but also order and justice; that it is not only law, but authority too. That is our ambition. We aim at converting the Republican party into a Government party." Nothing could be stronger than the peroration of the speech he delivered on this occasion. "I cannot and will not consent," he said, "to acts such as we have witnessed. Tax me with inconsistency if you like. I shall let you speak and not defend myself. Have I a right to save my reputation at all costs, and to prefer it to the good of my country? Perish my name! Let posterity cry anathema on me! Let the present generation proscribe and exile me, I care not. I have lived long enough. But the Republic is not to perish through my weakness, and more especially let no one say that the Fatherland has perished in our hands!"

Not quite four months did Señor Castelar's supreme rule last, but when it came to an end the integrity of Spain was saved. Cartagena, where a criminal faction had possessed itself of all the naval and military resources of the country, was on the eve of falling into the hands of General Lopez Dominguez, and throughout the rest of Spain, with the exception of the Carlist provinces, order had been restored. The Cortes, which met again on January 2nd, 1874, were not satisfied with the manner in which he had discharged the duties of his dictatorship, and upon their refusing a vote of confidence he resigned his office. On the same day General Pavia turned the legislators out of their palace, and Marshal Serrano resumed the power he had consigned to the hands of King Amadeo three years before. Señor Castelar himself carried away with him into retirement and exile the respect and affection of all true lovers of their country. Twelve months after, Don Alfonso, the son of Queen Isabella, was raised to the throne by the *pronunciamento* of General Martinez Campos of Murviedro, and in another twelve months a new legislature was called together to endow Spain with a new constitution.

Señor Castelar was the only Republican whom Señor Canovas del Castillo allowed to be returned

to these Cortes, but though utterly isolated he upheld in them the cause of liberty and humanity. He was one of the most strenuous opponents of that "Catholic unity," which is the name given by Spanish Ultramontanes to religious intolerance, and there has never been a more brilliant advocate of the freedom of conscience that he proved in the debate on the 11th clause of the Constitution of June 30th, 1876. The following is the leading passage of the great speech he made on that occasion:—

"Ah! Conscience cannot be coerced; it is inviolable. You cannot move it with an idea; you cannot move it with a command, let it be ever so peremptory; the most powerful lever cannot raise the most invisible and impalpable thought. The tyrant can persecute sectarians, he cannot proscribe the essence of sects; he can proscribe the believer, he cannot proscribe the belief. The inquisitor lights the furnace, calcines the bones, scorches the flesh, consumes the blood, but he can neither consume nor calcine nor scorch thought, for, from that heap of ashes which the wind disperses to the four quarters of the globe, thought rises, and is communicated in the inevitable communion of spirits to all generations, until the fulness of time arrives."

It may not be uninteresting to compare this declaration with one of his utterances on a previous occasion, *i.e.*, on May 5th, 1869, when he wound up a speech on the same subject with the following eloquent passage:—

"Were I a priest, were I a clergyman, were I to represent Christianity in any character, as this House does at times, which now and then in its deliberations is turned into a temple, I should raise up my hands to God and say, Bless these legislators who set up religious liberty, which is part of Thy love; bless these legislators who reconcile all classes and all the people; bless these legislators, because before them, as before Thy power, there are neither Jews nor heathens, they are men only; bless these legislators, because in carrying great ideas into practice they come near to Thee, and realise upon the face of the earth those two essential principles of Thy ineffable and perfect being—Thy love and Thy justice."

Yet, strange to say, Señor Castelar having never lived in a Protestant country, has that prejudice against Protestantism which is still to be found very frequently among those Spaniards who are more attached to the religion of the senses than to that of the heart or the mind. Witness the fact that in that same great speech of May 5th, 1869, by which he promoted freedom of conscience in Spain, no passage was more vociferously applauded by all parties of the Cortes than one in which he, in sheer ignorance of facts, denounced Protestants, and cast the glamour of his rhetoric over the superstitions of Rome.

Señor Castelar's works are numerous. Those most highly appreciated are his "History of Civilisation in the First Five Centuries of the Christian Era" and his "Historical Studies of the Middle Ages." His collected speeches also are monuments of literature and oratory of the highest class. We may remark, in conclusion, that at the elections of April 20th, 1879, Señor Castelar was once more returned a Member of the Cortes, and, being still in the prime of life, it is to be hoped that for many more years he will be allowed to continue to work in the cause of political and religious liberty, both in Spain and in the world at large.

We hope that Señor Castelar's visit to England

will enlarge his political knowledge. He may learn here that a Republic is not necessary for securing civil and religious freedom. He may learn that Monarchy is a word of different meaning in England and in Spain. He may also possibly learn that the Protestant religion is not opposed to patriotism or to progress. Strange that a Professor of History is ignorant of the noble work of the Reformation in the sixteenth century! Strange that he knows not how the suppression of the Reformation was the chief cause of the decline and fall of the Spanish empire!

THE BLACK FOREST.

II.—ITS HISTORY (*continued*).

A FEW large towns arose on the edges of the Great Forest in mediæval times. Freiburg is the principal, founded by the Duke of Zähringen in 1118, then handed over to the Counts of Urach, and next transferred to the house of Hapsburg. In 1386 it became a free town—hence its present name. In 1490 it was constituted an imperial city, and here a celebrated Diet was held in 1499, after which the Treaty of Basle was signed, recognising the independence of Switzerland. Its ancient cathedral is a magnificent structure, and its archbishop is the ecclesiastical superior of the Hohenzollern principality together with the Grand Duchy of Baden. No other place of equal importance belongs to the Black Forest district. Heilbronn lies too far north to come within its confines. Baden-Baden is not to be compared with it in extent and architecture; and Donaueschingen, first heard of in the thirteenth century, though an interesting, is but a small and unimportant town. The fact is that in the Black Forest town life in the middle ages gained but little upon country life. Whilst great old cities were flourishing elsewhere, and ambitious towns were springing up round about them, the Schwarzwald remained with a scattered population of villages, dotted over the verdant valleys, in some cases growing up into small towns, as in Gernsbach, on the River Murg, where a handsome old building of the sixteenth century, used as a town house, indicates the growth there of municipal aspirations at that period.

The Lutheran Reformation penetrated the Black Forest, but the Roman Catholic faith retained its hold on a majority of the people. When the Protestants had by their zeal leavened the community with their doctrines, and after the rulers had favoured the new cause, then came the Jesuit reaction, when Baden-Baden came under the rule of Duke Albert v of Bavaria, who abandoned Protestantism for Popery, and did all that he could to extirpate the former from this, as from other part of his dominions. The Roman Catholics in the Duchy of Baden, according to the census of 1871, numbered 942,560, or about two-thirds of the whole population. The Protestants amounted to 491,008. In Wurtemberg the cause of the Reformation proved more successful, for in the circle of the Black Forest in that kingdom there were in 1871, 329,960 Evangelical Lutherans, and 116,121 Roman Catholics.

The thirty years' war brought a great deal of misery to the Black Forest people, as to other portions of the German race. Some went forth to fight in the great battles that deluged the Fatherland with blood; and at

Pforzheim there is a monument erected to the memory of 800 men who fell at the Battle of Wimpfen in 1622. Nor did destroying armies avoid altogether the neighbourhood of the Hercynian Forest. The abbey ruins at Herrenalb bear witness to devastations committed by the soldiery. The kingdom of Wurtemberg suffered still more from the troubles of that melancholy period.

In the castle of Baden-Baden, and in the neighbouring parish church, there are memorials of some distinguished rulers of that part of the Forest which lies within the Duchy. Leopold William fought against the Turks and died in Hungary, 1671, in token of which Turks in chains are represented on his monument; and the Margrave Louis William, who, after serving in twenty-six campaigns and doing battle with the Turks, died at the beginning of the last century, appears in the same church commemorated in a piece of very tasteless sculpture. Another Margrave, Frederick, who was also Bishop of Utrecht, is seen on his tomb clothed in armour with a mitre on his head. As we look on these figures we are reminded of distant countries, whither these warriors led their troops, including many a hardy soldier born within the boundaries of Schwarzwald, for in past ages, as in the present, the inhabitants of the Forest have had to unite military duties with peaceful pursuits, and to exchange the green meadows of their lovely vales for the ensanguined plains of other lands.

The fate of the governments of this part of Germany, and to a large extent of the people, has been involved in the revolutions of European politics during the last and present century. The reigning house of Baden, who removed their chief residence to Karlsruhe in 1715, became involved in the troubles of the French wars. A congress was held at Rastadt, near Baden-Baden, to promote peace between France and Austria, when two French delegates were murdered in a neighbouring wood by some Austrian hussars. The congress came to nothing. Charles Frederick favoured the policy of Napoleon, and joined the confederation of the Rhine, which secured for him and his descendants the title of Grand Duke. His grandson, Charles Ludwig Frederick, married an adopted daughter of the French Emperor; but, after the Battle of Leipzig, he joined the German Confederation, in which Baden holds the seventh rank. The fortunes of Wurtemberg were different. Ludwig Eugene took part against the French Republic, in consequence of which a French army invaded his territories. His son, Duke Frederick, after having aided Napoleon against Austria, and raised his duchy into a kingdom by French favour, returned to the German cause when the battle of the nations had checked the ambition of the troubler of Europe on the world-known fields near the city of Leipzig.

III.—ITS SCENERY.

FROM our imperfect sketch of the history of the Black Forest, we proceed to notice its beautiful scenery. The method we shall pursue is to describe what we have seen in repeated visits paid to this part of Germany, and then to add to our reminiscences hints and illustrations borrowed from accounts given by other travellers.

We shall first turn attention to Baden-Baden and its environs, and indicate certain excursions made

from that locality, which forms a convenient starting-point for the survey of the north-western portion of the Schwarzwald. On arriving at that watering-place by rail from Oos, the traveller finds himself surrounded by wooded hills and several hotels of different degrees of pretension. In walking up to the town he sees that there is not much to occupy his attention there. The streets are few and winding, and the shops not of a first-rate description, though affording all which a tourist usually wants. But turning round to the public walks which run by the waterside, which are gratefully shaded by trees and enlivened by stalls and stores containing all kinds of tempting articles—especially glass ornaments brought over from Bohemia—and adorned by the "Conversationhaus," and the Trinkhalle, both buildings of some architectural pretension, he comes upon one of the most attractive promenades of Europe, and can scarcely fail to congratulate himself, if the weather be fair and his spirits buoyant, upon the prospect of future rambles amidst scenes of sylvan loveliness. We must pass by the springs of hot mineral water which have created the town. The parish church, with its monuments, we leave guide-books to describe, and hasten up to the Neue Schloss, whose subterranean passages and prisons we described in a former paper. The ascent is steep, but when the building is reached, the trouble is amply recompensed. Not that the apartments in the castle are at all wonderful, though rather handsome, and interesting for the portraits they contain and the anecdotes communicated by the custodian, but any defects in the house are supplied by the charm of the garden on the upper side, and the views thence obtained of the town and neighbourhood. To ramble there, or to sit under the shadow of the noble trees, is very enjoyable to the hard-worked visitor in search of rest and recreation; and when he has drunk in the enjoyment afforded him after this pause in his upward walk, let him follow the road up the hill, which abounds in direction-posts, pursue the zigzags through the woods, rise from one point to another, commanding views of the valley, till, after two miles' gentle climb, he attains to the Alte Schloss, which crowns a rocky elevation girt by majestic pines. The castle was forsaken by the margraves in the fifteenth century, and was reduced to ruins by the French in the seventeenth; but towers and walls and battlements remain, which can easily be examined, and are suggestive of no inconsiderable feudal grandeur. The copious vegetation which spreads around and clings to the mouldering fragments of architecture, gives additional picturesqueness to the ruins, and a number of Æolian harps, inserted in the old window-frames, add plaintive music in harmony with one's feelings on visiting such a spot. We never can forget the delight with which we first stood on the topmost tower and gazed on the round hills and dark woods on the one side, and the open valley and the far-spreading plain on the other, stretching to the foot of the Vosges Mountains, fields, meadows, gardens, and villages lying between.

There are eminences in the vicinity, commanding various views of the same general description; the Jagdhaus, from which Strasburg can be seen; the Yburg, a conspicuous point on the hills, looking up from the valley; and the Mercuriusberg, which affords a panorama reaching as far as Heidelberg. A votive tablet to Mercury was discovered here, hence its name. To enjoy these spots, more or less

of walking is indispensable; but there are drives which present competing advantages to those disinclined to do much on foot. A carriage, in the course of fifteen minutes or so, will take you through a charming avenue of oaks to Lichtenthal, where, beyond the convent, there opens a bright green valley of almost Eden loveliness, named Geroldsau, conducting to wooded heights, where, under the shadow of magnificent pines, you are carried along a zigzag road to a little nook, where you discover one of the most romantic waterfalls ever seen, embedded within rocks draped by ferns and towering trees rich in form and hue. The waterfall is about three-quarters of a mile distant from the village of Geroldsau. Another drive, partly along the same road, takes us in the course of an hour or rather more to Gernsbach, on the banks of the River Murg, which waters a valley of pleasant landscapes. Beyond to the south, ten miles from Gernsbach, is Forbach, a flourishing village, where cattle are bred and wood is collected—one of the finest points of the Murgthal: and still farther on are almost interminable forests of virgin fir, and mountain streams are dammed up, that they may float down the hewn timber to the Murg as it flows northward to the Rhine. The Schloss Eberstein, noticed in our former article, overlooks Gernsbach and the Murg valley, and the eye following the winding stream catches here and there glimpses of cosey villages dotting the banks, whilst to the south the waters are seen flowing on to an immense distance, inspiring a wish to explore what lies beyond. The castle itself, now restored, and made a comfortable habitation, is worth looking at with its painted glass windows, pictures, weapons, armoury, and other relics of olden days. There is a good carriage road from Gernsbach up to the castle. Gernsbach can be reached from Baden-Baden by railway, but the only advantage secured by that means is cheapness—the time it takes is longer, and the road is much less interesting. There is a tempting hotel at the foot of the hill, leading up to the castle, with a garden by the river side.

All this part of the Black Forest abounds in pine wood. The pine is the *pinus pinacea*, very different from the Scotch fir. It grows to an enormous height, often 200 feet, has a silvery stem, round, broad, straight, and robust, like "the mast of some tall ammiral," and does not put forth branches until near the top, where it spreads out in a dark-green crown, decked with numerous cones. To stand at the foot of one of these lofty pines, and to look upwards, has a strange effect on the sight and the imagination, especially if at the moment the ear is filled with the murmurings of an adjoining brook, and the music of the wind through the boughs overhead. The whole is calculated to affect the mind with "a sense of sublimity," and it recalls the language of Sir Walter Scott: "All nature seems united in offering that solemn praise, in which trembling is mixed with joy, as she addresses her Maker."

An excursion of greater length can easily be made from Baden-Baden. On a brilliant autumn morning we started by rail to Oos, and on to Achern by the main line. Achern is the third station south of Oos, and the thriving little town which lends the name is situated at the mouth of the Kappertal, boasting of a monument to the Grand Duke Leopold, and possessing in its immediate vicinity a large lunatic asylum, containing 400 patients. Several carriages

are found awaiting the train, and engaging one of these, we directed the coachman to drive to Allerheiligen, about nine or ten miles farther, where there are ruins of a famous abbey, a great object of attraction in these parts, and which we had been advised by all means to visit. The road leads through the Kappeler Thal, a bright green dale, such as are frequent in the depths of the Schwarzwald; and on the left could be seen, high up on the hills, the Brigtenschloss, commanding a noble prospect. Two small villages were passed, and then, ascending by the course of the Achernbach, leaving the Chateau of Rodeck to the left, we reached Ottenhöfen, 1,020 feet above the sea, a German resort containing humble pensions, where people can live for a florin and a half a day. A fine walk can be taken in that neighbourhood, over hill and dale, and across brooks and meadows, and by grottoes redolent with legendary lore; but the carriage road ascends the Unterwasserthal to a place called Neuhaus, when it makes a curve, enabling the tourist to enjoy rich retrospective views of rural tranquillity left behind. From the top of the hill the road descends, and as the carriage winds down, we come upon a densely-wooded dale, out of which rise noble ruins belonging to the ancient abbey of All Saints, of the Premonstratensian order, an order founded by St. Norbert in the twelfth century. They are not equal to those at Tintern, or Fountains, or Melrose, but they are stately, and contain some fine columns and arches and windows, and they cover the whole breadth of the narrow dale. The abbey was founded by the Duchess Uta of Schauenburg in 1196, soon after the institution of the order. We sauntered about on the green turf, where once broad stones were trodden by the feet of the brotherhood; round the crumbling walls, so unsteady that accidents sometimes occur, and a gentleman lost his life fifteen years ago; down the widening valley into depths of wooded pastures; and then rested and refreshed ourselves in a convenient rustic dining-room attached to the inn near the ruins. A drive back in the evening to Achern, where we caught the train which conveyed us home to Baden, completed a most agreeable excursion, which we would commend to every reader who goes that way.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

A PLEA FOR PRETTY GIRLS.

THERE is a legend of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. As the story goes, on her visit she tried Solomon's skill in various ways, and among others in the following manner. She appeared before him, standing at some distance, with two wreaths of flowers in her hands, one natural and the other artificial, but so similar that it was impossible to distinguish them. Solomon was at first greatly perplexed, and much annoyed at the idea of being baffled by a woman. However, his knowledge of natural history came to his aid. He observed that there were bees outside the window in the garden; ordering the window to be opened, the bees entered, and all went to the wreath of natural flowers, not one settled on the artificial. This decided the point, and the Queen of Sheba was completely baffled, and more astonished than ever.

Now to apply this pretty tale to young girls. There are in the lady-world, natural and artificial

beauties. The artificial young ladies are not merely those who are "got up," possibly rouged, dyed, padded, shams, with no adornment but what is got from art; in the mind and in the character, even more than in outward appearance, the difference appears. You can tell them by their manner and their talk, by the books and periodicals they read, and by the amusements and company preferred by them. The natural beauties are strong and healthy with vigorous exercise, artless good-nature dimpling in their cheeks, and honest cheerfulness sparkling in their eyes; they can manage a house as well as play the piano. Sensible young men are sure to see the difference; they will pass by the artificial, and be attracted to the natural beauties.

Pretty girls have pretty faces. The old song says, "My face is my fortune, sir." It is true of every girl, till she reaches a certain age, that her face is no inconsiderable part of her fortune. No wonder then that young ladies should pay some attention to "good looks." I can sympathise with them in this matter, as I, though an old married man, am an admirer of female beauty. There is no lovelier sight than a girl with a pretty face, and that face lighted up with happiness and good-nature. Look on the rose, it is not only beautiful, but it has a delightful odour; the beauty of the rose is the beauty of the girl, especially when that beauty is fragrant with love and goodness.

Pretty girls are pretty in their dress—we mean that they dress neatly, becomingly, and gracefully. We have no sympathy with those who decry dress. To a person who was criticising showy dress too severely, Dr. Johnson replied with admirable sense and spirit, "Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one." No passion unfolds itself sooner than the love of the ornamental. The savage decorates his person, and the child is more struck with the beauty than the uses of its raiment. So far from limiting ourselves to convenient food and raiment, we enjoy but little a repast which is not arranged with some degree of order and taste, and a man who should consult comfort alone in his wardrobe, would find himself an unwelcome guest in circles which he would very reluctantly forego.

It is true that the propensity to which we have referred often breaks out in extravagance and ruinous luxury. We know that the love of ornament is often vitiated by vanity, and that when so perverted it impairs, sometimes destroys, the soundness and simplicity of the mind. Still it proves, even in its excesses, that the idea of beauty is an indestructible principle of our nature, and this single truth is enough to put us on our guard against vulgar notions of nothing but utility in dress. There may be much pride in the affectation of simplicity, and ladies ought to consult their own good sense and taste in the matter of becoming dress, and not leave themselves helplessly in the hands of milliners and dress-makers.

Pretty girls have pretty tempers, minds, and dispositions. There was a notion which once prevailed in medical science that the breath of a young girl was conducive to longevity, so that it could often restore a dying patient when every other remedy had failed to arrest disease and decay. One thing is

certain, that the breath of a good temper is conducive to beauty, health, and happiness in its possessor. The temper and disposition are often mirrored in the countenance. How often will you see a pretty face transformed by passion into that of a fury, absolutely repulsive and repellent, while, on the other hand, native goodness of heart gives the most winning expression to plain features?

Mere regularity of feature is but a small element in beauty. In fact, a doll-like face, whether wooden or waxen, becomes insipid and wearisome. Beauty of expression is immeasurably superior, because the mind beams through it. Mrs. Wordsworth, the wife of the poet, was neither handsome nor even comely, but generally pronounced very plain; and yet she exercised all the practical fascination of beauty by the mere charm of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements. Pretty girls ought to render their beauty still more attractive by constantly cultivating that goodness of temper which will diffuse over their countenance a sunny benignity and a radiant graciousness.

And then pretty girls ought to remember that their beauty will not last long. The empire of blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes is but transient. They who have only artificial beauty, when the wrinkles of age overtake them, will be reduced to insignificance or become objects of pity. But an intelligent and cultured woman can never be neglected, she will attract notice and confer happiness even when descending into the vale of years. The ravages of time cannot reach the mind, and if to natural culture there has been added divine grace, there is in old age more than the renewal of youth. Death itself cannot strip off the habit of immortality, it will only remove "the excellent woman" from earth, and place her among the white-robed company in the tearless world, and her memory will be fresh and fragrant as ages roll on.

Varieties.

BUTTER.—One of the largest provision merchants in London states that "every week thousands of pounds sterling are sent into France for fresh butter alone, and that butter sells here for an average price of 3d. per pound more than English. Now this is not sent direct from the French farms, but is bought in the different markets, taken to the magazine, and worked up together. The fact of this being sold at 3d. per pound more than ours ought to be a shame to the English butter-makers."

HIGHWAYS FROM ENGLAND TO INDIA.—An American missionary, well acquainted with Central Turkey, writes to a New York paper: "I have often been struck by the remarks of the common people in regard to Alexandretta; when I have expressed my surprise at the enormous amount of merchandise that passes through the place, the reply has always been, 'Alexandretta is the port of Bagdad.' This is true; as you watch the camel-drivers loading on their ships of the desert the great bales of goods from Liverpool and Manchester, if you ask them their destination they reply, 'Aleppo, and thence to Bagdad.' And if you ask the camel-drivers of the immense caravans that head towards the setting sun whence they have come, they answer, 'From Bagdad.' Alexandretta is not only the port of Bagdad, but of all Northern Syria and of Upper Mesopotamia; it is the centre to which all the streams of trade and travel flow from the whole region south of the Taurus Mountains and to the east beyond the River Tigris; it is the key to Northern Syria. The town itself is an insignificant and most unhealthy one, but the position almost as effectually commands the eastern end of the Mediterranean as Gibraltar does

the western. But Alexandretta is not the only place in these regions that seems likely to pass quietly but really into English hands. Captain Cameron, the famous African explorer, is now at Aleppo, having been authorised by the English Government to examine the country with reference to a railway from the eastern end of the Mediterranean to the borders of India. I am informed, on the best authority, that Captain Cameron has decided that, in his opinion, the Mediterranean terminus of that railway should be at Tripoli in Syria. From Tripoli the road will run to Aleppo, thence to the Euphrates at Birdjik, thence to Oorfa, and from Oorfa to the valley of the Tigris, passing near Mardin, thence down the Tigris to Bosrah, at the head of the Persian Gulf; thence along the coast of that gulf, and along the northern coast of the Gulf of Arabia to Kurrachee, one of the great railway centres of India."

NIGHTINGALES.—All the poets have forged epithets to characterise the bird, and as they all differ, the question arises who amongst them is right and who wrong. The bird is variously described as sad, merry, loud, soft, monotonous, and various in its song. Hartley Coleridge tried to make up his mind, but failed:

"Oh nightingale, what doth she ail,
And is she sad or jolly?"

In the "Minstrelsy of the Woods" the song is described as a "plaintive lament." It is a curious circumstance that Shakespeare, who describes the song as a complaint, appears not to have been aware of the habit of the nightingale of singing by day as well as by night. For example, in the "Merchant of Venice," v. 1, we read:

"The nightingale, if he should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren."

But Cowper, a careful and loving observer of nature, knew of the day-song of the bird, as proved by his lines:

"The nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song."

It is a matter of the first importance in discussing these matters to bear in mind that nightingales differ very considerably amongst themselves, and hence many of the descriptions that are so opposite may nevertheless be true, and in some cases they certainly are so. For example, when the bird is young and strong it sings from night to morning without stopping, and but rarely speaks in the day. In this stage of its being it is called by the birdcatchers a *nocturnal*. But when six or seven years old, or when out of health or spirits, it takes to singing by day as well as by night, and makes many distinct pauses, sometimes of several minutes, between the several strains. This kind of bird is called a *moper*, and is never valued so highly as a *nocturnal*. But not only do individual birds change in habit, but they also differ individually; so that some naturalists contend that there are two species, while others are content to reckon them as varieties. Bechstein distinguishes them as "the nightingale" and "the greater nightingale," and there can be no objection to this, provided it be understood that individual differences do not constitute specific distinctions, for in truth there is but one species of nightingale, but the birds differ in various degrees in size, plumage, and song. At this very time some nightingales that have been singing gloriously have become mute, while others continue in full song. Those that are mute have reared a family, while those that are still vocal have not found mates or have lost their mates, and sing in the hope of yet becoming happily mated.—*Shirley Hibberd*.

AFRICAN OUTFIT.—An assistant-commissary general gave some hints to officers starting for Zululand. As most of the hints are useful to travellers and sportsmen, as well as to soldiers, they are worth preserving. "A saddle should be got, as far as possible, to fit any horse. A couple of plain bridles, girths for that climate should be of hide in strips, and not a whole piece. The rough Cape pony grooms himself to perfection. The saddle is taken off, he carefully selects a dusty, soft place, kneels down, rolls over on his back with all fours kicking in the air, gets up, shakes himself, and is groomed—this, perhaps, in the middle of the day's journey. A bundle of forage is thrown to him, and he is happy. If your saddle should be on him he will give it a roll at the same time. Do not forget useful, strong shooting-boots; the best grease for them is a mixture of tallow or fat, with beeswax and resin. It preserves the leather, and boots polish better afterwards. It is a good mixture for a gun, and keeps it from rust. Every sportsman

should take a ruzzle-loader—also a breech-loader if he likes—but you are so far away from the coast, and the means of transport to an outpost is uncertain, that there is not the same dependence on cartridges as there is on plain powder and shot, caps and wads. I always kept one barrel loaded with ball, and the shot should be of the largest size for some of the game. Do not neglect a long clasp-knife, or a knife to go in a sheath which is strapped to the side; the blade seven or nine inches long and an inch wide; a good steel and sharp. This is the *vade mecum* of the Cape sportsman—a bowie-knife in fact—for having shot your large game, you want the knife to cut off its head. Clothes.—Two suits of corduroy or moleskin are absolutely necessary, for, once past Natal, adieu to collars, white shirts, etc. The suits should be of not too heavy material, and pockets should be plenty and strong. A hammer and axe combined in one, and some plain nails, string—needle and thread are things so often forgotten and always wanted that I may be pardoned for mentioning such trifles. Riding trousers should be cord, and double-seated with same material, not leather; but had the bottom of the trousers six inches of leather the same colour as the cord it would be better. The Cape is a dry and very dusty place, and the mimosa and other thorny bushes play havoc with clothes that are not of a stoutish material, to say nothing about the thorns going through light material. In conclusion, the less flimsy things the better. Troops in the Kafir war came out of the bush with their clothes torn to shreds. Any old linen that can be converted into tinder will be useful, for, strange to say, those in the front may have to go back to flint and steel when matches are not to be got. The tinder-box for lighting the pipe can be purchased in the Cape. Do not forget the tobacco, but avoid 'Cape smoke.' No officer will go far wrong if he takes six shirts of very stout material. Two portmanteaus, strong ones, packed so as to be of equal weight, both being the same size, and not large, will be the more easily carried across the *bat* horse, and valise and bed go on the top between them."

CLIMATE.—A young gentleman who had received a special mark of his sovereign's favour by being appointed to represent her Majesty in one of the most insalubrious stations on the West Coast of Africa, called in at the Colonial Office to make inquiries as to what might be the retiring allowance pertaining to the post. The obliging clerk, after a prolonged search through a series of documents, looked up at the hopeful young man, and blandly said, "I do not find, sir, a single instance of a retiring allowance having been paid to gentlemen who have gone out to this particular station."

PATRIOTIC FUND.—Application having been made for a grant from the Patriotic Fund in aid of the subscription for victims of the Zulu War, the Commissioners have issued the following statement: The Patriotic Fund was established under a commission issued by her Majesty in 1854 for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers, sailors, and marines who might "die amid the ravages and casualties of the Russian War." The sum of £1,460,000 was collected at that time for these objects, and this sum has received additions from investments. Out of the fund thus created, the sum of £1,470,000 has been disbursed in allowances to widows and orphans, and in educational allowances to orphans. At an early period of the administration of the fund a part was appropriated to the erection and endowment of two schools, situated on Wandsworth Common, capable of receiving 500 children of soldiers and sailors, which are called the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylums for Girls and Boys. The part thus appropriated amounted to nearly £280,000. In addition, the sum of £46,000 was appropriated to the purchase of nominations for the admission of sons and daughters of officers to the Wellington College, the Royal Naval School, and other institutions. There is now remaining in the hands of the Commissioners a sum of nearly £470,000; but this sum is, in the judgment of the actuary of the Commissioners, not more than sufficient to cover the claims of the persons on the books of the fund under existing arrangements. In 1867 it was considered desirable that the appropriations made by the Commissioners for the schools and nominations above mentioned should be sanctioned by Parliament, and an Act was passed (30 and 31 Vic., cap. 98) confirming those appropriations. These schools and nominations are now made available for the orphans of any war. The committee are ready to receive children of soldiers, sailors, and marines of the present wars into the schools at once, and will be able to grant admissions, as vacancies occur, for children of officers into institutions where they have the right of nomination. Applications for such admissions and nominations should be made to the Secretary of the Patriotic Fund, 5, St. Martin's Place, w.c.